N-964

News from Heaven:

OR

A Dialogue between S. *Peter* and the Five Jesuits last Hang'd, *viz.*

Thomas White, alias *Whitebread*, Provincial of the Jesuits in *England*.
William Harcourt, alias *Harrison*, pretended Rector of *London*.
John Gavan, alias *Gawen*.
Anthony Turner.
John Fenwick, Procurator for the Jesuits in *England*.

BY the last Messenger which came from the *Cælum Empyreum*, *Aug.* 1. 1679. we have this Intelligence, That S. *Peter* seeing the five above-mentioned Jesuits that were lately executed at *Tiburn* for Treason, come limping along toward Heaven Gate, bid them keep at a distance, for that the Lame and the Blind were no more to be admitted into Heaven, than they were to enter into *Jerusalem*.

Most Holy Sir, quoth the Provincial *Whitebread*, we have had very hard measure upon Earth.

S. Pet. We——! What are ye all of a Company then?

White. Yes, we were all hang'd together, and so we were unwilling to part company.

S. Pet. And how came ye Lame?

Gavan. As we were hang'd (Most Holy Father) so were we likewise quarter'd.—— Now the Soul being, as thou know'st, *Totum in toto*, and *Totum in qualibet parte*; I speak Latin to thee (Most Holy Father) because thou hast liv'd at *Rome*: I say, the Soul being such, the Hangman when he quarter'd our Bodies, quarter'd our Souls likewise; so that though the Spiritual parts met again, yet our long Journy has hinder'd them from recovering their wonted strength.

S. Pet. Have ye any Pass or Certificate? *White.* Yes——

S. Pet. From whom? *White.* From the Lord *Merit*.

S. Pet. Oh I know him very well—— he's a good honest Gentleman, and lives well upon Earth; but here he has but little Credit and less Authority.

White. We have also Recommendations to thee from the Vicar of Christ, and thy Successor at *Rome*.

S. Pet. I know of no Vicar nor any Successor that Christ or I have in any such place. What's his Name? is he a Fisherman?

White. His Name is *Benedict Odescalchi* or *Innocent the XI.*—— He possesses thy Chair, and is under-Turnkey to thee, and keeps the Keys of Purgatory and Paradise as thou dost of Heaven. He is no Fisherman but a great Prince, and domineers over the Kings of *Spain*, *France*, and *Poland*, a great Emperour, and several other Princes, so that they dare not but fall down and kiss his great Toe, when they come into his Presence. And therefore (Holy Father) let us in for his sake.

S. Pet. I profess I know no such Name nor no such Man.—— I never gave him any such Authority as this you speak of i'my life.

White. Yes thou didst, thou gav'st him power (Dread Saint) to depose Kings, and make Secretaries of State.

S. Pet. Y'are a company of Lying Rascals, and deserve to have your Ears cut off. Did I ever when I was alive preach against *Cæsar* or his Government?

White. No; but the Christian Religion is grown more refin'd, and the Doctors thereof are grown more cunning than ever thou wert.

S. Pet. A cunning sort of People indeed, to come hither from the Gallows! You have been playing the Jacks with some Sovereign Prince or other, and he has sent you to Heaven in a string. But as in the Land of *Canaan*, which was a type of Heaven, there was nothing to be eaten that was strangled; so neither does the real Heaven admit of the company of any Mortals that are strangled.

White. Alas, Holy Father, we were strangled as Martyrs, not as Malefactors.

S. Pet. What was't ye were hang'd for?

White. For nothing in the world but for going about to kill a lawful Prince. And why was that? becaus he was a Heretic, and condemn'd to die by thy most Holy Vicar.

S. Pet. A very fine sort of Christians, by my troth!

Gavan. We did nothing but what we had Absolution for from thy Successor.

S. Pet. By what power?

Gavan. By the same power that what thou didst bind on Earth was bound in Heaven, and what thou didst loose in Heaven was loos'd on Earth.

S. Pet. And was he your Friend? *Gavan.* Yes.

S. Pet. He should have done well then to have loosned on Earth the Executioner's Knot, and have preserv'd you from an ignominious Death.

Turner. Alas, Holy Father, we desir'd to die, becaus it was in a good cause, and we were innocent of the thing.

S. Pet. How, innocent of the thing which ye have already confess'd!

Turner. Yes, we are innocent of the thing as it was illegal. But thy Vicar assured us, that the Act was lawful for the propagation of the Faith, and that we should merit Heaven by it: and therefore we desire Admittance, for his Word is thy Word, and thy Word is his Word.

S. Pet. I deny that four times, and that's once more than ever I deny'd my Master. I have no such League with any person upon Earth. Y'are all cursedly mistaken.

Fenwick. We have not onely his Word, but a Bull under his own Hand, with all his Titles, which the Church allows him for thy sake. And if thou shouldst deny this, thou wouldst deny the Authority of thy Church.

S. Pet. Tell me neither of your Bulls nor your Bears; there are no such Beasts admitted here. —— Heaven is no Bear Garden I assure ye, nor no *Roman* Amphitheatre.

White. Thy Vicar is infallible, and cannot err. He sent us to Heaven, and told us we should be admitted.

S. Pet. I tell ye once again, I have no such Vicar as you talk of; and he has deceived both himself and you too.

Gavan. We have several Acquaintants that would own us, if thou wouldst be but pleas'd to call them forth.

S. Pet.

Uncat 73 457 Rare Book Room

S. Pet. Who are they?

Gavan. There is first our Patron S. *Ignatius Loyola.*

S. Pet. I know no such Saint.

[*But here S.* Peter *unwilling to trust to his own memory, call'd to the Angel* Gabriel, *and desir'd him to look over the Register, and then proceeded.*]

S. Pet. Brother *Gabriel*, do you find the Name of *Loyola* in the Book of Life? *Gabriel.* None such.

S. Pet. Look you there now! I believe you belong to the Father of Lies, and not to this place. Who's the next? *White.* S. *Francis.*

S. Pet. to Gabriel. Do you find any such Name as S. *Francis?*

Gabriel. There's none such here.

S. Pet. Who's next? *Turner.* Here is S. *Dominic.*

S. Pet. to Gabriel. Do you find any such Name as S. *Dominic?* Look diligently. *Gabriel.* I find none such.

S Pet. You are very unhappy in your Acquaintants; who's next?

Fenwick. Here is S. *Torribio*, Archbishop of *Lima* in *America*; he's a Saint newly come out of the Mint, I'm sure you must know him.

S. Pet. to Gabriel. Do you find any such new Saint as S. *Torribio?*

Gabriel. There is none such; ——I have look'd all *T.* quite over.

S. Pet. Truly (my Friends) I am afraid you are a Company of Impostors and Vagabonds, and were justly punish'd upon Earth, that come here with such apparent Lies i'your mouths.

Fenwick. I am sure they must be here, for they were all Canoniz'd at *Rome.*

S. Pet. What do you mean by Canonization?

Fenwick. Why don't you know? 'tis a thing done with the greatest Ceremony and greatest Consideration in the world. All the Cardinals are forc'd to ask your Vicar three times before he will grant it.

S. Pet. Cardinals! who are they?

Fenwick. Your Vicar's Nobles; they wear long Scarlet Robes and Red Hats, and every one as rich as *Crassus.* 'Tis the goodliest sight in the world to see 'em all together.

S. Pet. Lord! how the Affairs of the Church are alter'd since I liv'd upon the Earth: there was no such thing in my time. This is such an Anticipation of the Day of Judgment, for men to make Saints before Heaven has try'd 'em! Well, go on.

Fenwick. Now when your Vicar has granted his Cardinals Request, the Church where the Ceremony is to be perform'd, is so richly hung and adorn'd, that it would dazle thy Celestial Eyes to behold a kind of Heaven upon Earth.

S. Pet. Very fine by my troth.

Fenwick. Then your Successor himself says Mass in person, and then all the Embassadors themselves with their Coaches and their Trains come to worship the new Saint. —— And when all's done the Guns go off.

S. Pet. The Guns go off! what have Saints to do with Guns? Saints should be men of peace.

Fenwick. That's onely for the Pomp of the business.

S. Pet. That's but reason indeed; for in regard all Saints are bound to forsake the Pomps and Vanities of the lower World, if there were not such Pomps and Vanities, it were impossible for the Saints to for-

sake

take 'em. But setting aside all your Pomp and Vanity, you see there are none of your sorts of Saints here, and therefore you must go seek your Acquaintants where you can find 'em.

Turner. Here are several of thy Successors that know us very well.

S. Pet. Who are those?

Turner. Pope *Joan*, Pope *Alexander* VI. *Boniface* VII. **John* XIII. *Benedict* X. and several others as wicked as they.

* He was taken in the Act of Adultery, and stabb'd.

S. Pet. Oh now I think on't here have come several of those Fellows you call Popes, but not one that I could think worthy of Admittance never since *Constantine*'s time. Among the rest I remember came one Pope *Borgia*, swaggering like a *Titan*, and would fain have got in by main force. How came you here? said I. He told me he was poyson'd through mistake, by a Drench which he had prepar'd for the destruction of several others. Oh said I, you are a fit person to come into this place; and so sent him away with a Flea in his ear. Not long ago came one that call'd himself *Bishop of Munster*, and an *Elector*.——— The Lord knows what an Elector-Bishop means, for I know not; and he flusher'd after such a boisterous manner, that I thought he would have pull'd down the Gates. I thought so much fury did not become an Apostolical person, and therefore sent two or three honest Citizens of *Groninghen*, that had been slain by him in the defence of their Country, to deal with him, who handled him so roughly, that they kick'd him with his heels upward into Hell, where he fell with his Head between *Lucifer*'s Thighs, to the great amazement of the old Gentleman; and so they will serve you, if you don't make the more haste to be gone.

All together. Pray let us speak with the Virgin *Mary*; we have sung ten thousand *Ora pro nobis's* to her in our life-time.

S. Pet. The Virgin *Mary*'s a vertuous, plain, downright Woman, but her Apartment is ten thousand Leagues off, and she has not that Authority here that you dream of. I have heard say, that ye make a Goddess of her upon Earth, and that the rich dress her in Gowns of Tissue, and the poor in plain Kersie Wastcoats, and then cry *Ora pro nobis* to her, like so many hoarse *Smithfield* Ballad-singers. But ye had as good keep your Breath to cool your Porridge; for though you should bawl to her through one of Sir *Samuel Adorland*'s Tubes, 'twould not signifie a Farthing, for inferiour Saints have not the ears of Deities. And therefore I advise ye to be gone, else I must be forc'd to call for *Martin Luther*, and then ye know what will become of you. Your best way will be to seek out *Caiphas* the High Priest, and there it is probable you may find all his Monarchical Brother *Pontifex's*, and meet with the rest of the Gang for which you enquire. Having so said, in he went and lock'd the door after him.

He had not been long gone before *Radamanthus*, having been in close pursuit of these five Heaven-Seekers, overtook 'em, and in a great fury with his Dog-whip lash'd 'em to Purgatory. When he had them safe, Slaves (quoth he) with what confidence durst you adventure to steal by these Shades, without paying the Duties which you owe me? Have I no power over Jesuits d'ye think? or are they so immaculate that they dare presume to go to Heaven, 'till they have been purified in my Fires? Did not your great Head, the mighty Antichrist, first set up all these fiery Furnaces, and bring me from a good Imployment under the Heathen, to take upon me the Government of this place, which he promis'd me should be more advantageous to me, and do you think to rob me of my right? He would hear no reply, but presently order'd the Executioner to give them an hundred stripes apiece upon the back *Langhorn-wise*, and then to shut them up in a smoaky hole for fifty millions of *Platonic* Years.

FINIS.